

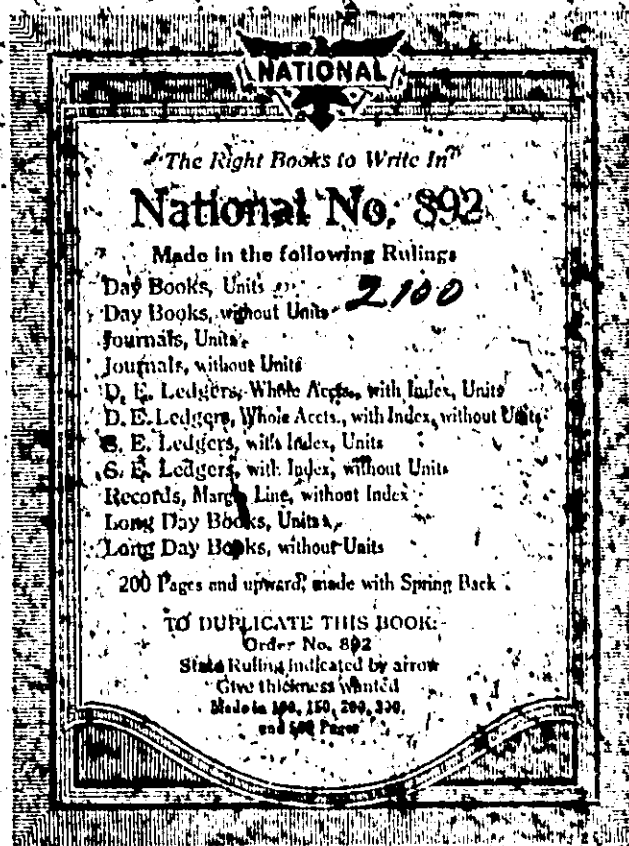
MISC.

BOOKS

*Microsystems, Inc.*

# VOLUME Two

*Microsystems, Inc.*



trusting at all and refuse  
to pray and forget our Blessed  
and entirely

But I surely never done  
that did I Mr. Daycourt?  
No I did not say that you  
ever did. But anyway when  
any person acts that way and  
our Blessed Lord in heaven never  
hears his voice raised in  
prayer why then he is liable  
to forget that person too and lets  
him go and do what ever he  
will and when he cries out  
with unhappiness and says  
There is no one to aid me  
than no one need to have  
pity on him for we could  
say to him I if was you who  
abandoned your faith in our  
Blessed Lord who could and  
would have helped you Do  
you want that to be said of  
you I amnie or do you want  
to go to our Blessed Lord  
and tell him you are sorry  
you intended to turn away  
from him? Will you tell  
him that you will con-  
tinue to pray every day  
and trust him to do what  
is best for you so that you  
can be a happy little  
girl again?

I amnie listened very  
carefully to what he said

Each word of her boy scout friend had gone straight to her little heart because she had such perfect trust in disguised Christian boy scouts.

"I will kneel down this minute and ask our Blessed Lord to forgive me for my doubting him and come what may I will never feel that way again." Jannie said truly sorry.

"That's right little girl. And if you retain your faith in God He will be sure to always help you but if he does delay do not be discouraged for he always helps when the proper time comes" the boy scout said.

Jannie fell down on her knees and prayed earnestly to the dear God asking Him not to forget to send her freedom and to look down on her again in pity.

The next day her boy scout friend had to leave because he found he

he was too closely watched for his liking. It was a day of sorrow to both Jannie and Mummie. But up to the very moment when he rode off swiftly on his horse the boy scout succeeded in doing things so that the two girls scarcely felt the sadness of the day but looked upon it rather as a time of rejoicing. But when he had finally gone then the whole place seemed as empty as if the very world had come to an end. During the evening after working hours Jannie and Mummie sat around in the hut all the rest of the evening untill bedtime as if lost and had no idea what was going to happen to them next.

The following day when the hours of hard working toil was over and it was the usual time for the slaves to sit together in their huts Jannie after the overseers were gone came to Mummie with her little bible under her arm and said addressing the slaves in her room.



After this when the over-  
<sup>seers</sup> are not around I'm always going  
to read aloud to you. That  
is if you would like to have  
me do it.

The slaves were willing  
saying that they were very  
pleased to have her do so,  
and so Jammie began to  
read at once. But sudden-  
ly she stopped because she  
had scarcely begun to read  
a story where our Blessed  
Sord was dying on the cruel  
cross when she suddenly  
screamed -

"Oh now God is dead!"  
She broke down and cried  
for she thought everything  
she read about was actually  
taking place and so she firm-  
ly believed that our Bless-  
ed Sord had died that very  
minute. Her cries grew  
louder and louder.

"Now our Blessed Sord  
is dead and I can never  
go to see him, and I had  
lost faith in him be-  
cause he did not answer  
my prayers."

Mimmie and some of  
the others tried as hard  
as they could to show  
Jammie that our Blessed  
Sord had died in his

body many hundreds of  
years ago and had risen from the  
dead and that the story was  
not telling about him dying  
now, but of nineteen hun-  
dred years ago. But even  
after they had finally suc-  
ceeded in explaining to the  
excited child her mistake  
Jammie even then could  
not be quieted and kept  
weeping harder than ever  
before.

For the awful thought had  
suddenly come to her that  
our Blessed Sord might  
die any way while she  
was so far away from his  
home and perhaps all the  
creatures in heaven would  
die too. And then after a  
long time when she should  
go to heaven too the place  
would be as still as death,  
and she would be there  
all alone and could never  
see our Blessed Sord or  
his dear ones.

In the meantime Mr  
St. Clare had come unnot-  
iced into the hut and was  
surprised to hear the other  
child slaves trying to ex-  
plain to Jammie her mis-  
take. When he observed  
that the slave still would

not stop her wild sobbing  
he went up to the two child  
slaves with evident impat-  
ience and said rather  
crossly

"Fanny Silliam that is  
enough of your silly  
screaming about such  
nonsense and you foolish  
sprite let me warn you  
of something I ever again  
I catch you reading stories  
out of that old Bible threat  
to these other slaves I'll  
not only really take it  
and destroy it but have  
you sent to work in  
one of the mines. And if  
ever you put in one  
of those mines you'll  
never see daylight again  
I'll assure you."

This threat worked more  
than anything else and  
as she knew about the real  
horrors of these mines  
she grew pale with great  
fear. So she immediately  
dried her tears and  
choked her sobs in a  
hurry and held them  
down as hard as she  
could and forbear to  
utter another peep in  
the deep sleep heep.

The threat that the

overseer made had its sure  
effects. and poor Fannie never  
was never seen to weep again  
no matter what she read or  
how she felt. And sometimes  
she had to try so hard to  
overcome her desire to cry  
and to conquer her sobs and  
not cry out that would  
Minnie would say to her  
in the greatest surprise

"Why, what's the matter  
Fannie, why are you mak-  
ing such awful faces at  
us for?"

But Fannie did not wor-  
ry about the faces she  
made for faces did not  
make any noise and  
therefore did not disturb  
Mr. Gringore. and after  
Fannie had somehow  
slightly overcome her  
dreadful fit of grief  
it seemed as if every-  
thing would go on as  
before and her wild  
grief would soon be for-  
gotten.

With it all however  
Fannie so lost her app-  
etite and looked so thin  
and pale that her fellow  
slaves could hardly bear  
to look at her in silence  
at the meal table and

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see how poor Gammie let all her dishes go by untouched so when one of the slaves who was waiting on the table passed her a dish he would often whisper encouraging to her.

"Take some of this Gammie, it is excellent. Oh why such a small helping. Please do me a favor and take a good portion of it and then another one."

Much similar friendly advice he gave her. But it did not do a bit of good whatever. She did not hardly eat anything any more and when at night she lay on her dirty bed of straw like a flash everything she remembered of her old home and the alarming words she read out of the little bible came to her eyes.

She would then be so heartbroken and homesick that she hid her (arm) head in her little arms and wept but quite softly so that no one would hear her too much.

In this way quite a few days had passed by Gammie herself never had any

idea what time of day or night it was and what it was meant by the words winter or summer, though she knew what hot and cold weather was. She was out doors only during working hours and was made to work hard whether she was feeling well or not or whether she was strong enough to endure it very long.

And she seldom got beyond the yellow brick road and the huts of the plantation but usually remained within the plantation never saw the beauties of nature saw no grasses and flowers no fir trees no high snow capped mountains.

Gammie's longing for home for the lovely natural objects she had been used to grew greater every day.

If some chance word brought up the memory of one of these things it was all Gammie could do to bear the pain of sorrow which came to her and she had to struggle with all her might not to show her unhappiness and she still believed that God was still dead as she



fancied the book told her. So another day passed by, and once again the sun was shining so glaringly on the yellow bricks of the Big Girl Knool Roads across from the plantation that Jammie guessed it was the time when her parents would still be looking for her and that the flowers in their garden may be growing.

Poor Jammie she would sit down in a far corner of her lonely hut and hold both hands to her eyes so she could not see the sunburn on the road across from her. And thus she would sit without moving silently fighting down her burning sorrow and homesickness until she was called to work again.

### Strange incidents in St Claire's plantation.

For some days Mr Gringore had been wandering around the whole plantation and even within the house itself for most of the time silently rapt in serious thought. Whenever along about early morning, broad daylight, twilight and darkness of early (light) night he would mostly remain inside and slowly walk from one room to another and was as cautious as a frightened cat, as he strode quickly down the long hall he would often look about him with owl-like shrewdly nesters into dark corners or steal a quick glance behind him now and then as if he was afraid some dangerous creature might be following him closely on tip-toe and to strike him down from behind with a club.

But when he was alone he went only into the more lighted rooms and even then carried two automatic pistols with him. Now often at early morning or in the evening



Mr Gringore had unusual things to attend to on the upper floor or the basement. On he would have an important errand or mission perhaps across the plantation or perhaps down stairs in the great mysterious reception hall in which every footstep echoed back from afar and the many big pictures on the wall looked down from their frames with a stern and unchanging gaze as if something strange and mysterious was going on in the old house.

At such a time Mr Gringore would regularly ring for his assistant James and tell him that he must come along telling him that two armed men is better than one or pretending there might be some bit of furniture to be carried up or down.

Strange as it may seem James was observed to do the

very same thing. Usually he had important work to do down stairs or up and at that time he would call for Mr Gringore and asked him to go with him for he might have some papers to look over which he did not think he was able to work on alone.

And what was still more funny the other overseers themselves exactly went through the same kind of performances. If either of them was sent across the plantation at dusk or to one of the more distant rooms or through the long silent halls he fetched two of his companions and made them go along well armed for fear he alone would not be able to cope with the unseen dangers.

And each one of them was glad to obey the call of the other although there never was really anything like work to be done and each might just as well have gone alone. Yet it always looked as if they were over the sea it always

felt sure that he might soon have the need of the other for a similar service. And while these strange doings were going on throughout the plantation and in the building down in the kitchen the chef and his cooks who had been with Mr St Claire for years would stand in the middle of the kitchen talking mysteriously to each other and the chef would shake his head and sigh.

"That I should be here to see this day." For quite a while there had been something exceedingly strange going on in Mr St Claire's house and on his plantation. Each morning when the overseers came tramping downstairs they found the doors open, wide and yet when they went outside and looked up and down the road far and near there was no person in sight or who could be blamed for it all.

The first day that this happened all the rooms and closets of the house were eagerly searched to discover if anything

might have been stolen or it was feared a Abreannian spy might have hidden himself inside the house and escaped with what he was after later in the night. But this evidently was not the case for not a single thing in the whole place was missing.

At night the door was now not only double locked but the strong iron bar was also placed across it. It made no difference whatever. In the morning every one of the doors would stand wide open, no matter how early in the morning the overseers in their excitement might come trooping down there they would find the doors ajar.

And yet the whole neighborhood was still sunk in deep sleep and there was no one in sight.

At last James and John got up their courage and prepared to spend the night below in one of the rooms that opened off the great hall there to cut whatever was to really happen. Mr Gringore hunted out

two good sized repeating rifles and also a large bottle of brandy mixed with wine so that they might feel strong enough to put up a brave fight with the Abbieannian spy or who ever he was if it should be necessary to do so.

As soon as things were arranged the two overseers took their places on the evening selected for the watch and at once began to drink a certain amount of brandy for the sake of their strength but it happened to be that they drank enough to make them feel the effect of it.

They therefore became quite talkative and then quite sleepy and thereupon they both leaned or leaned back in their chairs and dozed. When the old hall clock on its opposite wall struck midnight James gathered himself together and called out to his comrade. But John was almost sound asleep and therefore James found

it quite difficult to awaken him. Every time James called to him he would turn his head from one side of the chair to the other and pass off to sleep again. James soon however began to listen eagerly for he was by this time as wide awake as he could be.

All about him it was as still as death there was not the slightest sound to be heard even from the outside. Yet the reader may believe that James did not go to sleep again because there was a queer feeling in the deep silence about him, and it was in a lone low cautious tone that he kept calling to John and he shook him a little from time to time.

Finally when it struck one o'clock in the hall John suddenly woke up and came to realize clearly why he was sitting up in a chair and not lying softly in bed. Suddenly he started up quite bravely and cried out -

"Well James we must have a look out in the main hall way and see how things are. Do not be afraid just follow me."



After entering the room they had left the door to the hall slightly ajar. John feeling quite brave threw it wide open and left the room. At the same moment a strong gust of air from the open entrance door blew in and put out the candle that John was holding in his hand.

The overseer suddenly started back and almost overthrew James who was standing right behind him. Then he dragged his companion back into the room they had just left suddenly slammed the door shut and in the greatest haste turned the key in the lock as far as it would go. Then he got out his matches and lighted his candle again. James of course could not understand just why he acted nor neither did he know what had happened because at the moment he had

been standing behind John broad back and had not felt the draught of air so plainly. But as soon as he observed John's face in the candle light he uttered a frightened cry. John's face was as white as chalk, and he was trembling in every limb like a leaf.

"What's wrong? Tell me what that was outside?"

James asked anxiously.

"The door was standing wide open," John panted.

"And - and on the steps -

- I saw - a number of small white figures. Look James - right up the steps like that to the top - there they stopped - and - swoosh - and vanished into thin air."

Cold shivers ran down the full length of James' back. Then the two overseers sat down as close to each other as they could and they did not move a muscle until bright daylight had come and soldiers were again stirring about in the Glandelinian camp beyond. Then they



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left the room together closed the front door which was still standing wide open and went up stairs to report to Mr Gringore what had happened. Early as it was in the morning they found this overseer all ready to receive them because he too had not slept at all during the night for thinking of what might be going on down stairs. The moment he learned the facts he immediately sat down and wrote a letter to Mr St Clare one such as he had never received before and probably never would again. It was written as follows.

To Mr St Clare  
Glandelinian camp.  
Company D 194 7<sup>th</sup> Infantry.  
Manley's army.

Dear Sir

Strange things are happening here things which will surprise you greatly. And to tell the truth I am so excited and so scared I can hardly move my fingers. I beg you to pack your belongings without a moment's delay and please come straight

home for the most unheard of things occur here. We find the entrance door mysteriously open early in the morning and though nothing is stolen strange white creatures roam through the building at night. We are all in peril of our lives with the door ajar the whole night through and what the awful results of this strange situation might be no one can tell. Please come right away or we'll go insane from fright.

My George Gringore  
Slave Child Plantation  
Left wing.  
Shoemakers  
common and.

Now it happened that Mr St Clare answered by return mail and mail that it was impossible for him to close up his child slave business with Maple so suddenly and return to his plantation. The story about the ghost surprised him greatly but he felt sure it would soon be a thing of the past. Before his letter was received meanwhile if the small phantoms refused to be laid Mr Gringore would do well to write

to general Federal and ask him if he would send soldiers to their assistance. General Federal would send soldiers that will get rid of the strange ghostly visit so fast that they would never again dare disturb the quiet of his home and plantation.

Mr Gringore did not at all like the tone of this letter. He took the matter of the strange manifestation too seriously to enjoy such rebuke and teasing. After thinking it over for several moments he wrote at once to general Federal but then the results were no better either for this soldiers reply contained some very plain words.

For example the general was too busy to make a special trip from Manleys lines to Mr St Claires plantation just because Mr Gringore fancied the place was haunted. What was more there had never been any evil spirits haunting St Claires place and if he

thought that there were such things wandering there now it could not possibly be anything more than some Christian spies and Mr Gringore should find out for himself and should settle with them at once. If this were impossible he might call upon a party of soldiers to help him.

But Mr Gringore had made a final decision and that was that he made up his mind to spend no more days of terror and he knew how to change the situation.

Until this moment he had said nothing to the other overseers about the phantom neither did he say anything about it to the child slaves for he suspected they would be so terribly scared that they would not remain alone in their huts or rooms a single minute day or night and that would cause him a great deal of extra trouble to control them.

Now however he went over to the plantation called the slaves together and all the overseers around him and in a low tone of voice he told them about the unknown creature who walked around

the house every night. All the overseers cried out at once that they would quit if Mr St. Clare did not come home that all the overseers must sleep together in one room with the light burning all night, that they would not remain alone another night, that all the slaves must in one big tent, that Mr Gringore must move over into the room occupied by the special slaves that Jannine must not be left alone either or the spectres would get in and harm to her.

She wanted every one to stay in the same room and leave a strong light burning all night. And a large number of soldiers must remain on guard in every room. And James and John must come down too and spend the night so they could shoot and scream and scare away the strange little ghosts if they got to coming down the long flight of steps.

Many of the slaves were scared and terribly excited. It was all that Mr Gringore could do to quiet them. The overseer promised to write to Mr St. Clare at once to bring his own bed into the room where the other overseers were to sleep and to never leave the room again until the wicked ghosts had been settled with.

Still he said all of the overseers could not sleep in a single room that the child slaves must sleep in their own respective places and that if Jannine was afraid then the overseer Jack must sleep on a couch beside her.

But Jannine was more afraid of overseer Jack than she was of ghosts because she did not even believe in such creatures and she said therefore that whether they were true or not she was not afraid of any such thing as any ghosts and would much sooner stay in her place by herself.

No sooner was this decided than Mr Gringore ran to



his room sat down at his writing desk and immediately wrote a stirring letter to Mr St Claire a letter which ran as follows:

Mr Augustinia St Claire  
Glandelinian camp.  
Company D 194 Infantry  
Manley's army.  
Dear Sir:

I am writing to tell you that all these strange things which are going on every night are having such an effect on the overseers that they all are threatening to resign. The child slaves are so terrified that they are about to run away and no one can tell what awful results there will be. There times when I have known of cases where terrible disasters resulted from such manifestations.

And resulting from fright many of the slaves will go into terrible fits or go insane. And the whole plantation will be exposed to any sort of misfortune. If this kind of thing keeps on any longer. And if their state of terror keeps up every kind of disaster will soon follow.

Please come at once as general Federal won't do nothing to relieve us of the situation.

The creatures usually appear at one o'clock when all is quite outside and whether there is moonlight or not. Some of the soldiers say that the manifestations are really very strange.

for they too have witnessed them but they say they have tried to investigate the matter and believe the Professional Child Spies called the Virgin Girls have something to do with this. And as they are more dreaded than ghosts I therefore beg you to come and find out for the sake of your cause before it is too late.

They might have come to run away with as many slaves as they can escape with. I have known of times where they did and terrible complications resulted from that.

Mr Gringore.  
Slave Child Plantation.  
Left wing.

Shoemakers Army.  
M. S. D."

Indeed this second letter stirred things up. About 12 hours later Mr St Claire stood before the door of his house and knocked so hard on the that the child slaves came running up from all directions and stared at each other open mouthed. For they were sure that the small spectres were now beginning to play their wicked jokes without waiting for night to come.

From the third story James carefully peered down thro through a open window. But then the door bell



started to ring and from the way it rang it was evident that whoever he was he was so full of impatience that no one could doubt any longer that it was a living hand behind the powerful jerk.

After a moments thought James felt sure that he knew whose hand it was and ran with all his utmost haste out of the room and then so fast was his flight down the steps that he almost fell but even if he did so he managed to land on his feet long enough to tear open the front door.

Mr St Claire nodded quickly to him as he entered but without a single word of greeting to him started up stairs for Grungore's room.

The chief overseer welcomed the owner of the place with a cry of joy and when he saw Mr Grungore looking unusually cheerful the frown of worry left

his brow and his face was cleared. He heard from Grungore's own lips about the strange manifestations and then he said:

"And how are the three ghosts behaving Mr Grungore?" and the corners of his mouth twitched with evident amusement.

"Ah Mr St Claire" Mr Grungore replied very seriously "surely it is nothing at all to laugh at and I doubt if you will laugh at to-morrow. And I'm not actually saying that I evidently saw any such things as ghosts. But it is positive that something strange is going on in this house that if it is not any ghastly manifestations then the situation is brought about by some extraordinarily clever spies who are surely doing their work so thoroughly oughtly that we cannot discover what it is. But if it continues in this house much longer there will be some awful things happening that to solve

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even ourselves we'll have to keep it secret.

"Well I do not know very much about that," Mr St Claire said "but please don't begin any nonsense about ghosts around my slaves unless you are sure about them. Call James into my room will you? I want to say a few words with him in private." Mr St Claire went across the long hall and the over the see it all made them what he calls but he's appearance. Mr St Claire knew that once or twice the Vivian Girls had appeared at his place in disguise and knew that they all Glandelinians were not on the best of terms. In fact he hated them himself and therefore was very suspicious.

"Come here James," he said as he motioned to the servant to enter "and please see that you are quite frank with me. I haven't tried to investigate whether those rascally imps the Vivian Girls have been playing the part of

small ghosts just to make things lively for all you overseers eh?"

"No sir on my honor I did not have the nerve to do so. Please believe me sir. I have always been feeling nervous about the affair myself," James answered with absolute honesty.

"Well if that's the way you feel about it I'll have to show you and the other overseers how those Vivian Girls look when they are my slaves for a while. I've never ill treated any of my slaves I have here now but if I lay my hands on those spy princesses I'll certainly make it sweltering hot for them."

Be ashamed of yourself James. A strong young man like you running away from children because you think they are ghosts. Now go straight to my old friend General Bicknell. Give him my best greetings and if he happens to be excused from military duty ask him to please come to the house at ten o'clock this evening without fail and bring a lot of soldiers with him to surround the house.

Tell him I've come from manley's head quarters especially to consult him. Tell him I'm so badly off

that he must spend the night with me. I'd must try and arrange things so that he can. You understand James?"

"Of course sir rely upon it sir."

James quickly departed Mr St Clare went back to the overseers and child slaves with the purpose to quiet their fears about the supposed ghosts. He promised that he would bring the matter up that very day. Promptly at ten o'clock after the child slaves had retired to their beds and the overseers had gone to bed and even Mr Crumple had also retired for the night General Bicknell arrived. In spite of his black hair and heavy black beard he had quite a handsome looking face and two eyes with a peculiar twinkle in their depths. At first he seemed to be quite worried and anxious.

But the moment Mr St Clare greeted

him the general broke out into a hearty laugh clapped the child slave over on the shoulder and said:

"Well I must say Mr St Clare that for a person who fears a raid on his place by child scouts or spies you look fairly cheerful."

"You just wait your Excellency" Mr St Clare said. "The ones I have asked you to come for will be much less cheerful than I am when we have captured them."

"So you have the Christian spies in the house already trapped and some who have intended to run away with your slaves into the bargain?"

"Worse than that general indeed far worse. We have a number of child ghosts in the house. We are haunted by dead child slaves." The general shook with uproarious laughter.

"Ida. Ida. Ida. Ida. What such ghosts in the house. Ida. Ida. Wow."

"You surely have a lot of sympathy for us indeed."



general "Mr St Claire said and it is indeed a pity my friend overseer Gringore cannot be here to enjoy your exceedingly good mirth. He is the main one who firmly believes that ghosts of dead child slaves are wandering about because it is claimed it is a great sin to make slaves out of children."

"How did he become acquainted with these ghosts do you suppose?" the general asked still greatly amused.

Mr St Claire then proceeded to tell the general about the whole affair how according to the testimony of all the servants in the house as well as the child slaves the front and other ground floor doors swung wide open every night. He said further that just to be prepared for any unusual thing that might happen he had had two loaded pistols of his own stuck in his own belt and also a repeating rifle put in the place where

he and the general were to watch. Of course Mr St Claire said he believed the whole business might be some poor joke which in secret some of the overseers might be playing on each other, or especially on Mr Gringore in order to frighten him while the master was away.

In that case it might be an excellent idea to scare the would be ghosts out of the building by shooting off one of the revolvers. On the other hand the Virian girl scout spies might be mixed up with the affair who have been first passing themselves off as ghosts so that later they would be safe from any one interfering with their purpose. In that case as the Virian Girls are usually dangerous when surprised a good weapon would not be out of place.

Where while Mr St Claire was thus explaining things to the general they slowly went downstairs to the same room in which



James and John had set to watch on the table lay two long rifles and in the center stood a brightly lighted lamp for Mr St Claire did not want to await the coming of the ghost children in half darkness at all.

Then when they were in they shut the door all but the merest crack because they did believe that too much must not shone out into the hall or the child ghosts might be scared away. Then the slave owner and the general settled down comfortably in their arm chairs and fell to talking about all sorts of military things and of the profit in the child slave trade now and then taking a sip of the wine which Mr Grimghore had brought for their refreshment.

And so the time passed very quickly and before they realized how time was passing the clock somewhere struck twelve.

Maybe the ghostly children know were are watching for them and probably will not make their appearance to night after

all "the general suggested. "You just wait. They tell me they do not appear untill quarter after one" Mr St Claire replied.

They went on with their talking. One o'clock struck loud and clear. There was a deep silence all around them the sounds of the camp had died away. Waiting a little longer General Bicknell looked at his watch. It was sixteen after one. Suddenly the general made a warning gesture -

"Sh-h-h. Mr St Claire don't you hear some strange kind of noise?"

They both listened intently. Softly and yet quite distinctly in the silence they heard the sound of the bar as it was pushed back. They heard the key turn twice in the lock. The front door was being opened. Mr St Claire quickly reached out for one of the long rifles.

"You surely are not afraid of it?" asked the general rising.

"No but you cannot be too careful" Mr St Claire whispered. He seized the lamp in

February 4, 1927  
Seven o'clock till nine thirty

his left hand and a revolver in his right. Then he followed the Clandelinian general out of the room into the hall. The sound of many retreating footsteps some inside the build building and outside. At the same moment the pale rays of the moon streamed in through the widely opened door and lighted up a small white figure that was standing very still and quiet on the threshold.

"Who is that there?" yelled the general so loudly that the sound rang down the long hall.

Both of the men quickly rushed toward the little white figure with light and weapons waving. It turned around and started to run out but the two men caught hold of it and as they did so it uttered a sharp cry, "I'm Gammie".

There stood Gammie with bare feet in her white night dress blinding at the bright lamp light and at the fire-arms shaking and

trembling from top to toe like a small leaf in the wind.

The men looked at her in great anger and the greatest astonishment.

"I honestly believe Mr. St. Claire its the little girl whom the Vivian Girls have been plotting to carry away with them," the general said.

Little slavy what in the whole world does this mean? Mr. St. Claire asked after a moment's pause "What were you going to do? Why did you come down here?"

The child was pale with fright and stood before him and answered weakly

"I do not know."

Then the general took a hand in what was going on.

"Mr. St. Claire" he said, this is a case for the military to deal with. Go back into the other room and sit down for a while in the easy chair. First of all I'll take the little slave back where she belongs and question her."

With these words he returned his revolver to its proper place, took

the shivering child's hand in his and went off upstairs with her. "If you answer my questions correctly you will not need to be afraid of anything," he said in his usual dignified tone, as they climbed slowly up the steps "but we must be good and quiet so as not to wake the oversleepers in the house. And if you tell me everything, nothing bad will happen. If you don't Mr St Claire will do something terrible".

When they were in Jannies room the general set the lamp on the table, lifted Jannie up and put her into her bed. He then covered her carefully and quickly and then sat down in a chair by her side took from his pocket a writing book and pencil and waited until she was a little quieter and no longer shook so terribly. He put his hand on hers and said:

"Here we are. Everything's all right again. Now suppose you be honest with me and tell me where you were trying to go or how you happened to be down there".

"I was not trying to go anywhere of course," Jannie assured him. "And I cannot tell how I got down there either. I felt

as if I was being carried and then woke up and found myself down there all of a sudden."

"Oh I see. Are you sure you felt someone carrying you or was you having a sort of dream that made you see and hear things as plain as if you were really awake?"

"No I do not dream hardly at all. Some brought me down but cross my heart I do not know who it was."

"Where were you before you was brought here?" "I was with General Manley where you can see such beautiful sights and hear the fur trees rustling in the wind out of doors. And way up there the stars are gleaming so brightly up in the sky. I often would leave the hut run out of doors and oh it's so beautiful there. But now I'm here far away from Manley's camp."

Jannie began to twist about and to swallow down the lump that somehow would rise



in her throat  
 "uh-huh. and did you ever  
 suspect or feel that some  
 person would come from  
 the Christian line and  
 try and take you away  
 from here?"  
 "Oh no. But there's one  
 thing I have promised  
 someone not to tell"  
 "What so? And did any  
 of the over seers ever  
 inflict any pain on  
 you any where? On your  
 hands or on your  
 body or on your back?"  
 "Oh my no. But I al-  
 ways feel something  
 pressing here all the  
 time sort as if it was  
 something heavy on  
 me"

"I see sort of as if  
 someone had forced you  
 to eat something that  
 is not good for you  
 and which you wish you  
 could get rid of again?"  
 "no indeed not at all  
 like that But it feels  
 so heavy as if you had  
 to cry hard"

"Oh so that is the way  
 you feel? And why do  
 you not go and cry  
 as hard as you like?"

"I do not dare to even cry  
 softly Mr Gringore will scold me if I do so?"

"Then you hold it back  
 like this dont you?"

"Yes sir"

"That's good. But dont  
 you ever cry softly to your-  
 self when no one hears  
 you?"

"Yes when its quiet and  
 all are asleep"

"Do you like to live and  
 work here in Mr St  
 Claires plantation?"

"Oh no" was the low  
 answer

"I am And where were  
 you living with general  
 Manley?"

"Always on the mountain  
 plantation on the slopes  
 of the mountains heights"

"I see But theres no  
 general by that name  
 up there is there. And  
 is it not pretty dreary  
 up there?"

"Oh no indeed you cant  
 think how nice it is  
 there"

"Jammie could not go  
 on. She thought of the  
 mountain plantation  
 the excitement she  
 had so often passed

through the weeping she had been holding back so long - these finally got the better of her and the tears began to flow from her eyes in a perfect stream. Then she suddenly broke into loud and violent sobbing.

The general rose from his chair. He laid James' head gently down on its pillow and said: "Here now you may go ahead and cry all you want. There won't be any body to hear you now. Then go back to sleep. So tomorrow I'll see to it that everything will turn out all right for you."

Then the general stole softly from the room. When he was down again in the room where they had kept watch he settled into an arm chair across from his wailing friend and explained things to him. Mr. St. Claire listened with the most eager attention.

"First of all" he said, "your special little child

slave for some reason or other is closely shadowed by some body and I'm suspicious it's one on the entire seven Vivian Girls. At first I thought the child walked in her sleep. Without anyone knowing it they have opened the lower door of your house every night and gave ghostly manifestations and scared your servants and the other little slaves within an inch of their lives.

Next the child is I believe pining away with homesickness and is losing flesh until she is almost a skeleton. And if you're not careful she will be stolen and taken to the national lines. So prevent this something must be done in a hurry. There is only one way to avert this and to cure the bad state of her nerves - send the slave back to the pure air of her mountain home from which I seldom hear taken her no matter who her former owner was.

There is only one way to prevent the Vivian girls from running off with her and that is to do the very same thing. So you have my advice and orders the child slave is to be sent back to morrow."

"Mr St Claire jumped indignantly from his chair. He walked up and down the road in the greatest anger and excitement. Finally he burst broke out:

"Nonsense! He blasted Vivian girls after her? Trying to carry her away? Why general I'll bet she was walking in her sleep. She is either sick or out of her mind. So going to be back to her old master whom she thinks is general Manley and who is somebody within Manley's lines whom nobody knows. Spies coming to steal her away and all this in my plantation without anybody noticing it or suspecting it in the least. The slave was brought to my plantation by Deacon because her former master is suspected to be

a disguised Christian spy of some kind impersonating gen. Manley. Do you think just because the Vivian girls have been here that I'm going to send her back to that impostor spy so that she be brought to the Christian lines and set free?

"I'd rather see the little culprit wretched and as thin as a rail. I'd kill her first no general that is too much to expect. As her former owner is a disguised Christian general spy I can't do it and never shall. You thank the child in hand as your own slave, work her do whatever you want with her but keep her out of reach of Christian spies and the like. But I'll never send her home to her former master no matter how badly she wants to go. In this situation I need your help."

"Mr St Claire" the general answered earnestly "just remember what you are doing. This situation is not one that you can trifle with. Those Vivian girls are very crafty and can do things



that break all records for recklessness and bravery. They are successful at everything they try. We fear them and all their girl followers more than the best of the Christian gen. Therefore if you send her to Manley himself she probably will be safe. But even suppose she does not want to go you dont want to send her off too late to prevent the Christians from getting hold of her do you. Or perhaps never prevent her from being free at all?"

Mr St Claire stood still terrified.

"Well if thats what you think general then there is only one thing to do and we must get right down to work."

With these words Mr St Claire put his arm in that of the general and walked up and down with him while they talked the matter over. Then the general started back for his command because their talk had lasted a good while.

and the bright morning light streamed in through the front door which this time was opened by Mr St Claire himself.

Mr St Claire climbed the stairs in much excitement and went straight toward Mr Gringores bedroom. He stood for a moment before the door of the apartment meditating on some plan he had in mind. It was whether he should keep the child at any risks or send her away as the general suggested. He stood still fully two minutes before he made up his mind.

Jannie is taken back  
to her former master.

February.

~~January~~ 6th 1927. Steady till 9:30.

Then his knock on the door of this apartment was so unusually loud that this high ducky duck of overseers started out of his sleep with a cry of excitement first fearing it was someone trying to break in he pulled his pistol from under his pillow and shouted:

"Get away from that door you Christian dogs or I'll shoot through it!"

But he heard Mr St Claires voice outside saying:

"Is it St Claire?"

"Oh I beg your pardon sir" answered the overseer. "What is it you want sir?"

"Please come to the library as fast as you can. We have to get everything ready at once for a journey."

Mr Gringore took a long glance at his alarm clock. It was ten minutes to five in the morning. He had never in all his life got up so early. (though the slaves arose three o'clock) He wondered what

on earth had happened. Yet he was so eager and so curious that while he was dressing he did everything wrong and could hardly put on his clothes. And he kept hunting around the room for clothes that he had already put on.

In the meantime Mr St Claire went quickly down the hall and rang each one of the bells that was used for calling any one of the overseers and other servants. And in each one of these rooms that had a bell an excited form sprang out of bed and started to put on his clothes inside out, because one and all they immediately thought the strange little phantoms had somehow got hold of Mr St Claire and this was his summons for help.

So one by one they came stealing down each man if possible looking worse than the one before him. And they drew up in good surprise before the master of the plantation for Mr St Claire was walking up and down the room

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looking excited and angry and not in the least as if he had been scared by a number of ghosts. John was at once sent to bring the riding horses so they might be ready when wanted.

James was ordered to waken Gammie right away and to have one of the girl slaves dress her for a journey.

Gringore was told to sent for Mr James Eldon and to bring him back with him.

Meanwhile Mr Gringore had finally finished dressing himself. His clothes were on inside out and his hat was on wrong side before so that from a distance it looked as if his face was on upside down.

Mr Gringore realized that his unusual appearance was due to the fact that he had been called so early and he therefore went straight to the business before them. He explained to the surprised head overseer that he was to see that the slave child received her breakfast the first thing. He also

told the overseer to dress Gammie as a traveling slave. But everything must be done as quickly as possible and without waiting to decide one way or the other.

For fully five minutes Mr Gringore stood as if he had been frozen to the floor and stared at Mr St. Claire in the greatest amazement. Indeed he had fully expected that he was going to tell him some frightfully thrilling story about the ghosts of some dead child slaves he had met the night before and now that it was broad daylight he would have been glad to listen. Instead of which he was now giving these every day orders.

Indeed Mr Gringore was not quick enough to hid his disappointment. Without a word he kept standing there waiting for what he would say next. But Mr St. Claire had no time or intention of clearing up matters. He let the overseer stand where he was and went to the room where the servants and the cook were sleeping. Just as



he suspected the unusual stir had awakened them and they were listening to all the sounds about them on some apprehension and wondering exceedingly what was going on.

Mr St Claire quieted them by telling them the whole history of the strange ghost affair. He said that it was discovered that some professional young Christian spies had something to do with it all just to get away with Jannet and unless something was done about it she might some night be carried away to the Christian lines.

As this would be a very serious thing, he must prevent it at all costs whatever. So he had made up his mind to send Jannet back to the plantation where she came because he was afraid to take such chances. And they must not feel bad about losing Jannet for they could see that it was the only thing left to be done.

The servants were very

much surprised at this news and at first wanted to find some way of keeping Jannet with them but all their arguments were in vain. Mr St Claire was terribly firm in his decision and said it was better to send her back than let the Virran Girls carry her away.

So the servants gave in cheerfully to what could not be helped, but told Mr St Claire that no matter where you send her, the Virran Girls are liable to get her just the same.

It was then that Mr James Eldon arrived and stood in the reception room with unusually great expectations for he believed that it must have been something quite out of the usual run to have Mr St Claire call him to his plantation at such a strange hour.

Mr St Claire went out to see him and told him how things stood with Jannet and what the Virran Girls had been up to. He then asked him if he would desire to take the child back to

her former master at once that very day Mr Deldon looked very much disappointed. Indeed he had expected anything but that. And he still had a very clear memory of the parting words that her former owner had hurled after him as he departed with the child:

"Come into my sight again and I'll show you if I'm a Christian dog or not you child stealer."

And to bring him the child slave he had not wanted them to take her away again and then to fetch her back - no that did not seem to be exactly a good stroke of business for him at all.

So without thinking the matter over at any length he declared rather curtly that it was not his business to always transfer the same slave back and forth two or three times without the permit from proper authorities and that also it would be impossible for him to take such a trip that day as he was called back on secret child slave bus-

iness at Vivian Wickey. Here for it was up to Mr St Claire to hire some one else to take her back."

Mr St Claire saw through these excuses and sent Mr Deldon away without loitering about him further. He then sent for Mr Gringore and informed him that he must get ready to make the trip right away. He would travel with the child that day as far as General Ambrose Fullers camp. They then would reach her former owner the next day. Then he could start back at once.

He would not need to offer any explanations whatever, for a letter to Jannies former master would make everything clear to him.

"But now Gringore" Mr St Claire said in conclusion "there is one thing I want you to do especially and you just see that you do not forget it. I selected a certain barnack in Fullers camp the number of which I've marked down on this card for you. When they see the card they will show you a

fine small room for the child, as to your own self I'll tell you what to do. Go first into Gammie's room and nail every window so tightly shut that they cannot be opened except by the greatest force. And after the child is once in bed then go and lock her door on the outside.

Then the officer in charge of the barracks will bring into the hall two big vicious dogs which will be turned loose there. Two well armed guards will also stand by the door for the youngster is shadowed by the daring Vivian Girl spies and they will chance any danger to bring a child slave to the Christian lines. Are you sure you understand my plans?"

"Aha so that's what it was? That's the way of it? Grim-gore gasped in the greatest surprise. For now at this moment he had seen a great light about the ghost business.

Yes that is exactly what happened. And you are a fraidy-cat and you can tell James from me that he is another just like

you. In fact you are a silly crowd of people to be working for me."

With these words Mr St Claire went to his room and sat down to write a letter her owner. As for Gringore he felt terribly put out and he stood in the middle of the room repeating continually to himself—

"If I only had not allowed that coward James jerk me back into the room where we both had been watching. If I had only gone after them Vivian Girls myself and I bet I would have captured them too."

The head overseer quite convinced himself of his own bravery. For I may say that at this very moment the clear sunshine was brightly lighting up every corner of the unusually dim apartment.

Gammie in the meanwhile had never a thought of what was going to happen and stood waiting in the clothes that child slaves are compelled to wear when going on a sort of journey. For James the overseer it all had merely and most roughly shaken her out of her



sleep. Then despite her being in her nightgown he chased her to her hut telling her to get dressed in a hurry and never to delay a minute. He very seldom talked with Jannie for he thought her very uncivilized and beneath his notice. With the letter in his hand Mr St. Claire walked into the dining room where breakfast was awaiting him and called impatiently -

"Where is that confounded slave? What is delaying her?"

Jannie was sent for when she was brought up to the owner of the plantation. He almost looked sternly into her face and asked -

"Well, Larry, do you know where you are going now?"

Jannie gazed up at him in great astonishment.

"I suppose you do not even know anything about the business now?"

Mr St. Claire said with a grin. "Well, you are going back to Manley's plantation from where you came and almost right away. The Virgin Gals want to steal you

from me and therefore I'm sending you back."

"Back to General Manley?" Jannie repeated after him dully and grew as white as snow for a moment she could scarcely breathe. Her heart was beating so violently at the statement.

"Would you like to hear what it is all about?" Mr St. Claire asked still grinning.

"Oh yes indeed I should." Jannie finally managed to gasp and her cheeks had got dark red.

"Well then you shall hear as much as can be related." The master of the house said somewhat curtly.

He seated himself however and after looking at her for a full minute, he motioned to Jannie to do likewise. "But first you may eat for once a hasty breakfast with me and then off with you." Yet Jannie could not swallow a mouthful as hard as she tried although she obediently tried to force herself

to do it. Indeed she was so wrought up that she did not know whether she was awake or dreaming. Gungone must remember to take along with him plenty of provisions." Mr St. Clare called to his housekeeper, "The little slave cannot eat now nor would one expect her to."

Then he turned to Jannine and said in his customary manner, "Why don't you run outside to see your friend Mildred and wait there until the escort arrives?"

Jannine just wished for that and she ran outside to the plantation where Mildred sat with the rest working. In the middle of the isle was an enormous mound of weeds.

"Oh Jannine come here" Mildred called to her, "come and see what I have hidden for you. Don't you like it?" She took from beneath the pile of weeds a long glittering dagger and

looking around cautiously said,

"Look here Jannine" and held it in a disguised way so that none of the others would see it. Jannine looked at it closely and as Mildred explained the use of it Jannine had to jump around for joy because the dagger was to be concealed about her to be used in case she wanted to make an attempt to break for freedom.

So happy were the two girls that they both quite forgot that the moment of their parting was so close at hand. And when the call did come "The party is waiting" there was no time left to be sad in. Jannine flew to her hut. Her pretty little bible must be lying there still. No one could have taken it for it lay hidden under her bed of straw because Jannine could not bear to be separated from it day or night. She found the holy

book and laid it in her lunch basket on top of some rolls. Then she looked around that to see if there was anything else she wanted. And there sure enough lay her old red dress. Mr. Gwngore had not thought a worthy thing for her to put on.

Jannie put it on as quickly as she could, then she set her hat on her head and left the room of the hut.

She and Mildred had to bid each other good by very quickly for Mr. St. Claire was impatiently waiting to take Jannie down to the waiting escort who were about equally impatient. Mr. James stood at the gate to place her on a horse in front of one of the escorts. He caught sight of her red dress and drew her away from the horse.

"No Jannie" he said reprovingly "you cannot leave this plantation looking like that. You do not need to wear an outer dress like that

any way. Come take it off right away."

After this reproof or reproof Jannie started to obey. "Oh no no. Mr. St. Claire said in a very decided tone of voice. "We ain't got no time to bother about the red dress now James. And Jannie on this horse with you."

Jannie picked up her basket and then she was again placed on the horse and her eyes shone with thankfulness and joy. When the soldier had leaped on behind her Mr. St. Claire to her surprise took her hand in his and told her very nicely she must not forget him and the other slaves and to avoid the plantation under his. Brother by all means. He gave her his best wishes for a pleasant journey and in her turn Jannie thanked him with her whole heart for the kindness he had shown her. Her final message was "And I leave a thousand greetings for Gen. Bickell



and many, many thanks.  
For she had not forgotten  
that he had told her the  
night before "So tomorrow  
everything will be all  
right." Now it had come to  
be true and Jannie thought  
he had done it for her.

Then the rest of the  
calvacade came up led  
by Mr Gringore.  
Mr St Claire again call-  
ed to her.

"Pleasant journey" and  
the whole squadron rode  
away.

Soon afterward Jannie  
was riding past General  
Federals camp and as  
many of the infantry  
soldiers looked at her  
closely she held the bas-  
ket firmly in her hand  
for she was determined  
not to let it out of her  
hands for a single min-  
ute because her little  
bible were in it. She  
had to guard it care-  
fully and take a look  
at it from time to time  
just for fun.

For quite a while Jannie  
remained as still as  
a mouse as she rode  
along with the rest.

She was beginning to  
think and understand that  
she really was on her way  
back to General "mamley"  
whose plantation was  
on the mountain slope  
and where again she  
would see Adele - & - Job.

Idyllic scenes from  
the past then came to  
her mind one after the  
other, and she dreamed  
of all the things she was  
again going to see and  
wondered how everything  
would look. New thoughts  
suddenly possessed her  
and all at once she grew a  
little afraid.

"Mr Gringore did the Vivian  
Girls really try to carry me  
off as the master said?"  
she asked.

"Yes"  
"And were they really dis-  
covered after all?"  
"Oh no" he said consolingly.  
"hoping in his heart  
that they did escape. We'll  
hope they didn't. They  
may still be around all  
right."

Then Jannie was again  
buried in her thoughts.  
But every once in a  
while she would take a

peak into the basket for her dearest wish in life had now come to be in possession of her little bible. After a few minutes she asked again:

"Mr Gringore don't you suppose that we can be certain sure that those Viriam Girls are still looking for me?"

"Why of course we can" her companion answered.

"They might be trailing us sure enough. Don't see why they shouldn't be do you?"

After awhile however Jannie closed her eyes. Because of the restless night and her early rising she was so dead with sleep that she did not wake up until Mr Gringore gave her arm a good shaking and aroused her with -

"Wake up quickly Jannie. The Squadron has stopped. Get off the horse right away. We've come to General Ambrose's army camp where we stop for the night."

They were shown to the particular barracks directed by Mr St. Claire's card and then Gringore followed St. Claire's instructions about the windows and doors of the room while a soldier brought in the dogs.

During the night some things did happen which I cannot mention here but she was not taken away.

Next morning their long journey on horse back continued for many hours. In the child's grasp again was the basket which she would on no condition let any of the Glanlinians take care of. But to day she did not speak a single word because each new hour that came made her eagerness greater. She could hardly wait and then suddenly just when she least expected it one of the Squadron cried loudly -

"Idalt we are before Emporia ridge." Jannie almost stood up in the stirrups and so did Gringore who

was as surprised as she was. In a moment they all dismounted except the soldiers who rode on. Gringore cast a longing look after the departing cavalcade for he much preferred traveling so easily and safely to starting out on a foot tour which would end in a stiff bit of mountain climbing.

Besides he feared that the climb would be hard and dangerous in this part of the country where everything seemed to him to be still in a half wild condition so he looked around for some one who would show himself the safest way to the mountain plantation.

Not far from where they had halted a large army wagon was standing on its feet with a stout team of horses attached to keep it. A tall broad shouldered man was occupied in loading it with army provisions. Gringore hailed him and asked him and asked which was the safest way to Manley's plantation.

"All the roads are safest hereabouts" was the short answer.

But Mr Gringore kept on asking him the safest and shortest and best roads to take so as not to fall off the cliffs and how one could have a child slave sent up to a particular mountain plantation. The man looked at the child and sized her up. Then he said if the child was not unruly he himself could take her on the wagon as he was bound for that plantation. And then Jammie could be sent from the Big Girl Knob Road and up to the mountain farm with some one later in the evening.

"I can go by my self I know the way from the road up to the mountain plantation" Jammie said at this point for she had been listening eagerly while the two men bargained.

"No you cannot go alone" was the answer. "You'll be mistaken for a runaway slave and shot."



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A heavy load was taken from Mr Gringore's heart when he succeeded in escaping from the hardships of clambering up the slopes of Imporia Ridge. He beckoned to Jannie secretly to come to one side with him, and he handed her a thick flat flat bundle and a letter for her former master.

The large flat bundle, he explained was a gift from Mr St Claire. He told her to hide it in the bottom of the basket away down under the funch she still had. And she must watch it very closely and to take good care to see it was not lost. or Mr St Claire would be fearfully angry and would make her suffer for it her whole life long for he was a terrible man when anyone got on the wrong side of him.

He said that he hoped little Jannie would do well to remember this and not forget.

"Oh I won't lose it" Jannie said. And she placed the flat package and the letter in the lower part of the basket. Jannie was lifted up to the high seat

beside the driver. She overspoken hands with her said good bye and once more urged her with all sorts of signs to keep her eyes on the contents of her basket. For the driver was close by them, and Mr Gringore was by no means easy in his mind because he knew that he himself should have gone with Jannie to the end of her journey.

At last the driver swung himself up on the seat next to Jannie and the wagon rolled off toward the mountains while Mr Gringore sat down by a little tree to wait for another escort happy to have escaped the dreaded climb.

The man on the wagon was one of the teamsters in the prison wagon train of Manley's army who was driving some supplies to the plantation. He had never seen Jannie before but like everyone else in general Manley's army he knew about the child slave that had been brought back to the stranger's plantation.

What is more he was suspicious of Jannies

former master and of course he guessed at once that she was the particular child slave the whole Glan delinian army spoke about so much. Yet he could not help wondering why it was that the child was coming back so soon and while they were driving along he began to question Jannie—

"I suppose you must be the child slave who lived and worked on up at the plantation owned by the disguised Christian dog, the man who looks like gen. Manley to you."

"Yes sir."

"Did they treat you so mean at Sainte Claire's that the Glan delinian officers sent you back here before you expected you to go? And all that distance?"

"No, I got along perfectly fine none of the other slaves were treated any better than I was at St. Claire's."

"Why are you coming right back to this plantation for then?"

"Just because Mr St. Claire said I should, or I would not have gone away at all."

"Bah, why didn't you want to stay down there anyway even if they did let you go?"

"Mr St. Claire sent me because he says the Virgin Girls are after me. And because I'd a thousand times rather go back to Manley up on the mountain plantation than do anything else in the world."

"I guess you'll think differently when you're once up there again the teamster said with a grunt 'And Manley does not own no plantation.' And he said to himself 'But I wonder if she knows how bad that slave owner is'."

Then he began to whistle a tune and had nothing more to say. Jannie gazed all about her and she was so excited that she fairly shook all over. She began to recognize the trees by the roadside and up above I cornered the forested Alcove Mountain. Jannie looked at it and waved to it joyously. And at every step the horse took Jannie's excitement grew more intense and she almost thought she would have to jump down from the wagon and run with might and main until she reached the very top of Alcove Hill.

But she sat still and did not move although her brain whirled on and on until she was dizzy. The clock struck six in the morning just as they drove into the main camp. In no time at all a troop of soldiers

crowded around the wagon and a couple of officers from some bigger tents came out to join the swarm of soldiers. For the sight of a child slave on the temisters wagon had attracted the attention of all the soldiers and everyone was suspicious and wanted to know where she had come from where she was going, and to whom she belonged.

Hardly had the temister lifted Jammie to the ground when she said to him hastily —

And she would have surely would have run away. But she was held in on every side by the crowd of soldiers. At first there was a loud chorus of voices all talking at once and each asking a different question. At that she was being cross examined. Jammie however did answer them but tried to force her way through the fierce looking armed throng with such a look of fear and anxiety on her face that they

started to open ranks for her to pass. They were as she knew by the color and shape of their hats, and of the appearance of their uniforms, the dangerous kind of Glan-delunians called Durmer-amnians.

One of the officers said: "You see how scared of us she is don't you, you? Well she certainly has good reason to be."

Then they started to tell each other excitedly how during the past weeks the man who owned the plantation above had been getting worse and more suspicious than ever. He would no longer speak to any of the soldiers or exchange a word with any one and if any of the soldiers happened to stop him and question him he glared at them as if he wanted to kill the whole Glan-delunian army at one blow.

And if the foolish little slave only had the sense that she was born with she would not be running up there to the



old demmons home But at last the teamster managed to get in a few words of his own. He said he knew more about it than all of the soldiers put together and then with a great air of secrecy he told how an overseer had brought the child as far as Manleys main camp.

Here he had said good bye to the little girl in the friendliest sort of way. Then besides he knew for sure that the child had been shadowed by the Vivian Girls in St. Clares plantation and therefore the owner to prevent her from being stolen had sent her back to her former owner.

The teamsters news caused much amazement and his story was spread like lightning through the Glandelinian camp and that evening there was not a company street in all the Glandelinian army where they did not gossip about the child slave who was shadowed by the famous little girl spy and

for which reason the owner was compelled to send back to the strange plantation owner up on the mountain slope.

Garnie was accompanied part of the way by a few soldiers as an escort but when she saw her chance she sneaked away and ran up from the Glandelinian army camp and up the mountain slope as fast as ever she could with them shouting after her to stop.

She stopped however a moment every now and then to regain her breath.

The basket on her arm was fairly heavy for her to carry and besides the higher she went the steeper grew the trail. There was room but for a single thought in Garnies mind.

"Will general Manley be doing the same things as he used to?" Did he forget her while she was gone so long? Garnie looked behind her she was dumb-founded. A large party

of Glandelinian soldiers  
 were coming up the slope  
 and she had an idea they  
 thought she was running  
 away. What should she  
 do? She knew if they  
 caught her they'd kill her  
 sure. Gammie looked up.

As she did so she  
 caught sight of a small  
 house up in a hollow  
 by a mountain meadow  
 and as a single thought  
 flashed into her mind  
 her heart began to pound  
 like a trip-hap hammer.

She again looked  
 behind her. The soldiers  
 were nearer and shout-  
 ing furiously.

She started again to  
 run up. She ran still  
 faster and as shots ran  
 out in a fusillade her  
 heart began to beat more  
 loudly. Yet she was  
 determined to reach the  
 cottage. She now ran  
 with all her might.

At last she was there.  
 She looked back once  
 more. They were  
 still nearer and her  
 two guards were in  
 the lead. She could  
 scarcely open the

door. She was trembling  
 so with fright but finally she  
 managed to lift the latch.  
 Seeing the Glandelinians  
 come running up the slope  
 she sprang into the middle  
 of a large room and stood  
 there frightened out of  
 her wits and all out of  
 breath and unable to  
 utter a sound.

At her sudden entrance  
 a number of Glandelin-  
 ian officers who had  
 been sitting around a  
 table sprang abruptly to  
 their feet and simulta-  
 neously drew their  
 pistols. When they stared  
 in blank astonish-  
 ment at her.

"Heavens above!" they  
 cried "so that the way  
 a child slave runs in  
 to us, who in the  
 name of Jupiter are  
 you kid and what do  
 you want here?"

"I'm Gammie. I was  
 sent back to the plant-  
 ation above" she answered.  
 "Is really me. The Glande-  
 linians below are  
 chasing me. They  
 think I runned away."  
 and in her fright

she rushed over to an officer standing in the corner and plumped down on her knees beside him. She seized his hand pressed it tightly but was speechless. She was so (happy) terrified and excited. At first the Yl and delinians themselves were so surprised that they also could find nothing to say but the one in the corner bid her rise and said:

"Yes yes we'll stop them. I know you're Gammie by your hair and by your voice. And you may thank Gredo that you have really ran here. Here they come"

There was a loud knock on the door. A soldier opened it and in came a number of Zimmermanns at the sight of which Gammie screamed and two great tears fell from her eyes.

"What do you want fellows?" demanded the chief officer.

"That slave tried to run away" said the men in a chorus.

"How do you know

if it is really true. Can you prove it?"

"Yes" said the man who had been one of her escorts.

"She suddenly broke away and ran up the mountain"

"Is it really true Gammie?" demanded the officer.

"Yes sir. But I did not run away. I was in a hurry to get to the plantation up above. St. Claire sent me up there."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes sir I have come back to my old master at last"

"I bet you're giving us an old story"

"No sir. Oh please believe me sir. If you think I'm fooling you may come with me all of you" Gammie said gently but earnestly.

The officer consulted a map of Emporia ridge while the pursuers scowled fiercely as they waited impatiently for his decision. He drew his finger over certain parts of the map until he stopped at a certain spot. He was a full minute looking at it and then said:



I believe you are telling the truth, for this map proves it. But don't you cry for I'm here to confirm things and you'll be sent up there to stay but you must stay there and never leave again. And you won't need to fear these Zimmerman men - mians for when when they realize their mistake they won't do you no harm. And you won't need to eat hard bread and drink cold water for many a day either for the punishment you may have had if caught. But see Gammie you made a big mistake in breaking away from your escorts. That is what brought all this unnecessary excitement. But I'll see that you are brought to your former master."

"But my dear sir why not let her go up with us" said one of the soldiers. "For as long as she means what she says we won't harm her."

"All right said the officer. But see that she reach her destination for she is a valuable slave to our cause." Then he looked at Gammie closely and said:

"Just a moment Gam. Tell us what you did at St. Claire. Was he as severe a master as many say? And why was you forced to leave?"

Then it that Gammie told how things went there how fearfully Mr. St. Claire had been afraid that she might be stolen away by the Virgin Girls if he kept her there. Then he could not have

prevented her from being taken away to the Christian lines.

Another officer came in while they were talking together. He stopped and stared as if he could not trust his eyesight. Then he cried:

"As I live its the slave Gammie. But how can it be possible that she is here. How can that enter her?"

Gammie looked around and was surprised for it was her enemy Eldon. He himself could not get over his surprise at Gammie's appearance in this officers headquarters. He walked around the child once or twice and said:

"Officers if you could only imagine the reason she was sent back here you would hardly believe it. The Virgin Girls want her awful bad. Mr. St. Claire told me they were at his place attempting to get away with her. And if you could only see what lovely dresses they wore and

fine looking group they appeared to be. No one could hardly recognize them and the little hats trimmed with feathers which they wore. "Do you like to go with them to the Christian lines or remain here?" "No I don't want to" said Gammie firmly. "I don't know them. But they can have me if they are brave enough to take me. I don't believe they'll make me a slave. But I have a place I like better."

Then Gammie unwrapped her small red bundle and took out her small bible which had become slightly rolled up during her journey from sit clares than it was before. But that did not bother Gammie one bit and she had not forgotten how when Eldon was taking her away from her former master he had shouted after her that he did not ever want to see her come back on any other way than she was brought to him.

And knowing he was a Christian spy in disguise and not General Manley at all she had saved her bible so carefully because she was always dreaming of the time when she would be brought back to him.

The officer saw her produce the bible and told her not to be so foolish as it was dangerous for her to carry a bible around among fierce Glancasterian soldiers. And if she did not want the bible then she could sell it to one of the Christian prisoners. She could get a lot of money for it.

But Gammie stuck stubbornly to her decision. When the soldiers were not looking she put the little bible quietly inside her inner blouse pocket where it was out of sight. She had to slip it in quickly and then she wound the red neckerchief around her throat. She then went over to the waiting soldiers and said:

"Now I must run home to my former master."

but you may come along with me. Good night sir" to the officers.

"Yes you must allow us to accompany you by all means" said one of the soldiers. "Others may make the same mistake you know we made and shoot you."

"But why did you break away from us if you did not intend to run away?" said the guide.

"Because I was in a hurry to reach him."

"You could have kept with us two escorts and we would not have needed to occasion you such a fright. But in other ways you must be careful for many say that he is always in a very bad temper now even something and won't say a word to anyone at all."

Jennie said goodnight to the officers and followed the soldiers out into the now night darkness and started up the mountain slope carrying her basket on her

arm. The stars glistened in all parts of the sky and the bright moon shone all about on the forested slope and at this moment the vast outline of Frost Blodorn came into view and could be seen from afar.

Every other step or so the soldiers who were watching Jennie had to stand still and look over their shoulders for there was a strange ruddy light behind the high mountains, and which they had noticed as they struggled on up the trail.

They continued on up silently for some time. Suddenly a very bright red glow shone against the trees right in front of them.

They all turned around and as they had never known that a fire could be so big, they had never seen anything like this even in all other conflagrations.

The heated cliffs of a rocky hill reflected the light in perfect grandeur and a distant hill just opposite flamed up



to the sky, the broad snow field on a higher mountain further away was all light and brown amid the flames. Black and pink clouds were rolling slowly upward and spreading out over the distant sky. All the trees before them reflected the glow, the light twinkled, and here and there reflected from the more distant chags, and below them the valley swam in a sea of carmine red.

Jamnie stood in the midst of this splendor of light and a strange fear seized her.

She stood still with them and gazed up at the leaping flames and prayed inwardly to God that he would bring her safely home.

She begged him to not let the fire come their way. And then Jamnie found herself so comforted that she could hardly find the right words with which to thank her God yet Jamnie could not tear herself away from the

spot until the soldiers called to her to come. But then she ran after them and caught up with them and then they went along so fast that it was not long before she saw ahead of her the top of the fir forest above the roof.

A few minutes later she saw the roof itself and then the building and finally a portion of the plantation and the figure of her former master as he stood by the open doorway beside a magnificent horse. He was smoking a pipe. It was evident from the position he was standing that he was evidently watching the fire with some apprehension.

And the glow of the distant fire revealed the top of the forest of the old firs rocking and rustling in the gale then blowing. Then Jamnie ran all the faster without the soldiers hounding her and they well realized she told them the truth. And before the unsuspecting man could see

see what was coming the child flew straight up to them threw down her basket and to the surprise of the Glendelinian soldiers clasped her arms lightly about him.

She was so excited at seeing him again that she kept saying over and over and over.

General Manley! General Manley! General Manley! Seeing the soldiers who had accompanied her and fearing suspicion he did not say a word. But his eyes became wet with tears for the first time in many years and he had to brush his hand across them. Then he released Jannet's arms from around his neck set the child upon her feet and studied her very closely for a moment.

"So you have come back to me again," he said after a pause in which he took another look at the soldiers. "But how does that happen? The soldiers look mad at you about some thing and you don't look

as you've been badly treated at St. Claire and did they send you, or did you run away?"

"Oh now General," Jannet assured him eagerly, "you must not think that they were all so good to me, St. Claire, Mr. Gringore and all the slaves. But you see some persons know as the Vivian girls were after me for something and they caused so much excitement that Mr. St. Claire couldn't stand it any longer and there for send me back to you to prevent them from stealing me. I knew something about it, the overseers said, and that I would not tell. But I did not hide anything for that would have been naughty. But I do not even know them. They must be women. And then one morning all of a sudden Mr. St. Claire sent for me very early but I do really believe General Bicknell made him do it - but I suppose that is all written down in the letter."

Jannie picked up the little basket took her letter and square package from it and handed him both of them.

"I believe this belongs to you" he said, and laid the package down in the basket. Then he took the letter and read it through. Without a word he suddenly placed it in his pocket, and suddenly cried out angrily.

"It's time for you soldiers to depart for your camp. Attention! Right about face. Forward march!"

The soldiers obeyed and marched down the hill. Then he turned to the child -

"Do you think you could still could drink a little milk with me Jannier?" he then asked taking the child's hand to go into the house with her. "But bring the package along. I've got some money hidden in and it belongs to you. You can buy your yourself a whole bed with that and things enough to last you quite a number of

years. It'll come in handy for anything."

"I do not see why I need the money for anything while I'm a slave as I will not be allowed to use it generally" Jannie said. "And besides I have a good bed already, and therefore I surely won't need any more even and ever."

"Take it just the same and put it in your clothes closet for the time will come when you will surely need it for a good purpose yet."

Jannie obeyed him and hopped along after him into the building after taking another look at him. I thought she was overjoyed to see everything again. She was apprehensive about the fire, but once inside she forgot about it and ran into the corners. She ran up the steps toward the other floor. But once up alone she stopped suddenly and called down to him.

"Oh general I am sorry I've lost my beautiful bed"



"I will place it back again soon" he called to her from below. "We had no idea you were coming back your milk is waiting for you now."

Jannie climbed down and sat in her old place on the high chair. She then seized her bowl and drank the milk so eagerly that the reader would think she had never had any thing so delicious in all her life. When she finally set down her bowl with a deep breath, she said happily:—

"Nothing in the world is half as good as our milk general!"

At that moment there came the sound of a shrill whistle from the outside. Jannie shot out the door like a flash of lightning. But to her surprise as well as dismay there came a whole troop of Glandelinian boy scouts, mingled with girls skipping, dancing and jumping down from above and Adele De Job in the midst of

them. When he saw Jannie he stood stock still as if he had suddenly taken root in the ground and stared at her in silence. Jannie knowing that the Glandelinian soldiers were very wicked did not like the idea that Adele De Job joined the Glandelinian boy scouts just to escape child slavery but nevertheless she was not mad at him.

"Good evening De Job" Jannie called and fairly rushed up toward him. "O. h De Job do you still remember me?"

The boy and girl scouts even if they did not see her heard her voice for at Adele De Job's command "halt" they stopped and stood at attention. Jannie thinking all of "Marleys" slaves had become scouts called them all by name one after the other but instead of answering her they giggled.

The impatient lieutenant in charge of the scouts sprang up to Adele De Job and begged him not to waste time with and uncitified child slave

and another officer reached her without delay and ordered her to get back into the house. And even a haughty bobbed haired girl scout with an unexpected gesture of her hand made a wicked sign at Jannic who in great surprise at such treatment could only step back in disappointment and get into the light reflected by the distant fire to show who she was.

Jannic was almost beside herself with joy however to see Adele De Job again, as she realized his followers were total strangers to her. Adele De Job had not moved from where he stood.

"Come down here De Job and wish me good evening" Jannic now called again.

The others began to murmur more vehemently and threaten but Adele De Job called sternly - "Attention! No talking in the ranks" Then turning to Jannic - "So you've come back again" he exclaimed in much surprise. And then he motioned her to come forward which she did and he took Jannic's hand which she had been holding out to him this long time and he asked as he always did when they were returning to the plantation in the evening -

"Are you going to be with me to-morrow?"

"No not now as your companions do not want me."

"It is fine to have you back again" De Job said and he smiled happily. Then he shouted to his scouts -

"Company March!" But never before had he had such trouble with them. First it was all he could do coaxing and threatening to draw them away for no sooner had Jannic started off the whole company wheeled and ran after Jannic throwing sticks and stones. Jannic had to run into a shed and close the door before Adele De Job could manage to get his furiously excited child scouts headed down the slope.

When the child came back into the cottage she found her bed already made up. It was high and sweet smelling, for the hay had been freshly brought in and her owner had spread the clean linen sheets over it very carefully.

Jannic felt real pleasure as she lay down on it and she had the best night's sleep that she ever had for a whole year. During the night her friendly master got up ten times to climb into the loft and to listen carefully to Jannic's breathing so he might

he sure she was having a good night's rest. He examined the window where the moon used to shine in on Jannie's bed to see if it was closed. He knew from now on he intended to keep the moonlight out so it will not awaken the child with its brightness.

Jannie slept on without being awakened and she no longer feared of being carried off in her sleep. And her great longing for the mountain plantation had been stilled. She had again seen all the mountains and cliffs and saw another big fire. She had once more listened to the deep roaring of the fir forest and was at home on the mountain plantation.